apprenticeship."

Mr. Ranloiph looked up, saw Phœbe, gave a start of recognition and pleasure, and sped towards the house.

"Yes, Phœbe, I do see some likeness," said

Honor, as though a good deal struck and buched. All the ridiculous and troublesome confusion All the ridiculous and troublesome confusion was so good as to be driven away in the consentment of Humfrey Randolpf's presence, and he wondrous magnetic conviction that he was quality glad to be with her. She lost all restaurables, and was quite ready to amuse Owen ly a kvely discussion and comparison of the two weddings, but she so well knew that she should like to stay too long, that she cat her lime rather over short, and would not stay to lime rather over short, and would not stay to sincheon. This was not like the evenings that legan with Hiswatha and ended at Lakeville, tron Lake Ontario; but one pleasure was in fore for Phube. While she was finding her mbrella, and putting on her clogs, Humfrey Rawfolf ran down stairs to her, and said, "I vanted to tell you something. My stepmother a going to be married."

"You are glad?"
"Very glad. It is to a merchant whom she
net at Buffalo, well off, and speaking most
limity of the little boys."
"That must be a great load off your mind."

You are glad?

"Indeed it is, though the children unust still hiefly look to me. I should like to have little George at a good school. However, now their immediate maintenance is off my hands, I have ming lessons how, when my day's work is ore to spend in educating myself. I c.

"Oh! do not overstrain your head," said "On! do not overstrain your nead, said Phose, thinking of Bertha.
"Heads can bear a good deal when they are hill of hope," he said, smiling.
"Still after your out of doors life of bodily kercise, do you not find it hard to be always hut up in London?"

hut up in London?"
"Perhaps the novelty has not worn off. It
as if life had only begun since I came into 'A new set of faculties called into play?"

Faculties—yes, and everything else.

I must go now, or my sisters will be waitfor me, and I see your dinner coming in:

ood bye."
"May I come to see you?" O yes, pray let me show you our cottage."
When may I come?" When may I come?"
"Tomorrow, I suppose."
She felt, rather than saw him watching her

She felt, rather than saw him watching her ill the way from the garden gate to the wood. That little colloquy was the sunshiny point in ser day. Had the tidings been commenced in the full circle, it would have been as nothing sompared with their reservation for her private ar, with the marked "I want to tell you."—Then she came home, looked at Maria threading holly-berries, and her heart fainted within ter. These were moments when poor Maria would arise before her as a hardship and an infliction, and then she became terrified, prayed trained with even the same terrified in the same terrified in the same terrified in the same terrified in the same with even more than her wonto her sister with even more than her won-

d patient tenderness.

The certainty that the visit would take place The certainty that the visit would take place kept her from all flatterings and self debate, and in due time "Mr. Randolt" arrived. Autiously did Phœbe watch for his look at Maria, by Bertha's look at him, and she was pleased with both. His manner to Maria was full of rentleness, and Bertha's quick eyes detected its intellect. He stood an excellent examinarentleness, and Bertha's quick eyes detected its intellect. He stood an excellent examination from her and Miss Fennimore upon the worn channel of Niagara, which had so often been used as a knockdown argument of the best better to some gony, and his bright hiss Charlecote's comogony, and his bright berse powers of description gave them, as they agreed, a better idea of his woods than any agreed, a better idea of his woods than any ravels which they had read.

iravels which they had read.

He was able to render a great service to Miss Charlecote. Mr. Brooks's understanding had not cleared with time, and the accounts that had been tangled in summer were by the end of theyear in confusion worse confounded. He was a faithful servant, but his accounts had always been audited every month, and in his old tige, his arithmetic would not carry him farther, so that his mistress's long absence abroad tad occasioned such a hopeless chaos, that but for his long services, his honesty might have been in question. Honora put this idea away with angry horror. Not only did she love and rust the old man, but he was a legacy from Humfrey, and she would have torn the puge from her receipts rather than rouse the least aspicion against him. Yet she could not leave any flaw in Humfrey's farm books, and she toiled and perplexed herself in rain; till Owen, finding out what distressed her, and grieving at his own incapacity, begged that Randolf might help her; when behold, the confused accounts arranged themselves in comprehensible columns, and poor old Brooks was proved to have cheated himself so much more than his lady, as to be entirely exonerated from all but puzzle-headedness. The young man's preheasible contains a proved to have chested timeself so much more than his lady, as to be entirely exonerated from all but puzzle-headedness. The young man's already life qualified him to be highly popular at the Holt. He was curious about English husbandry, talked to the laborers, and tried their tools with no uppractised hand, even with the flail which honor's hatred of steam still kept as the winter's employment in the barn; he spreciated the bullocks, criticized the sheep, and admired the pigs, till the farming men agreed "there had not been such an one about the place since the Squire himself."

Physical intercourse with Humfrey the

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admired the pigs, till the farming men agreed "there had not been such an one about the place since the Squire himself."

Phebe's intercourse with Humfrey the younger was much more fragmentary than in town, and therefore, perhaps, the more delicious. She saw him on most of the days of his fortnight's stay, either in the mutual calls of the two houses, in chance meetings in the village, or in walks to and from the hely day services at the church; and these afforded many a moment in which she was let into the deeper feelings that his first English Christmas excited. It was not conventional Christmas excited. It was not conventional Christmas excited. It was not conventional Christmas weather, but warm and moist, thus rendering the coutrast still stronger with the sleighing of his prosperous cays, the snow-shoe walk of his prosperous cays, the snow-shoe walk of his poorer ones. A frost hard enough for skating was the prime desire of Maria and Bertha, who both wanted to see the art practised by one to whom i was familiar. The frost came at last, and became reasonably hard in the first week of the new year, one day when Phebe, to her regret, was forced to drive to Elverslope, to fullful some commissions for Mervyn and Cecily, who were expected at home on the 8th of January, after a Christmas at Sutton.

However, she had a reward. "I do think," said Miss Fennimere to her, as she entered the drawing room, "that Mr. Randolf is the most good-natured man in the world!" For full three-quarters of an hour, this afternoon, did he hand Maria up and down a slide on the pond at the Holt!"

"You went up too see him skate."

hand Maria up and down a slide on the pond at the Holt!"

'You went up too see him skate?"

'Yes; he was to teach Bertha. We found him helping the little Sandbrook to slide, but when we came he sent him in with the little maid, and gave Bertha a lesson, which did not last long, for she grew nervous. Really her nerves will never be what they were! Then Maria begged for a slide, and you knew what any sort of monotonous bodily motion is to her; there is no getting her to leave off, and I never saw anything kke the spirit and good nature with which he compiled."

'He is very kind to Maria," said Pheebe.

'He seems to have that sort of pitying respect which you first put into my mind towards her."

'Oh, are you come home, Pheebe?" said

"Oh, are you come home, Phobe?" said "Oh, are you come home, Phobe?" said
Maria, running into the room. "I did not
hear you. I have been sliding on the ice all
the afternoon with Mr. Randolf. It is so nice,
and he says we will do it again temerrow."

"Ha. Phobe!" said Bertha, meeting her on
the stairs, "do you know what you missed?"
"Three children sliding on the ice," quoted
a Pholes.

be. Seeing how a man that is called Humfrey "Seeing how a man that is called Humfrey can bear with two sisters making themselves ridiculous, Really I should set the backwoods down as the best school of courtesy, but that I believe some people have that school within themselves. Hollo!"

For Phœbe absolutely kissed Bertha as she went up stairs.

went up stairs.
"Ha?" said Bertha, interrogatively; then
went into the drawing-room, and looked very

THE

25TH YEAR-NO 1312.

By this time the snow was thicker, and the

by this time the snow was thicker, and the park beginning to whiten. The housekeeper begged her to wait and order out the curriage, but she disliked giving trouble, and thought that an unexpected summens might be tardy of fulfilment, so she insisted on confronting the elements, confident in her clock and India-rub-

ber boots, and secretly hoping that the visitor at the cottage might linger on into the twi-

As she came beyond the pillars of the portice,

such a whirl of snow met her that ahe almost questioned the prudence of her decision, when a voice said, "It is only the drift round the cor-

voice said, "It is only the drift round the corner of the house."
"You here?"
"Your sister gave me leave to come and see yeu home through the snow-storm."
"Oh, thank you! This is the first time you have been here," she added, feeling as if her first words had been too eagerly glad.
"Yes, I have only sees the house from a distance before. I did not know how large it was. Which part did you inhabit?"
"There—the west wing—shut up now, poor thing!"
"And where was the window where you saw the horse and cart? Yes, you see I know that

by owing all to Miss Charlecote," he said. owe something to her, too."
"Oh, is she going to help you on?" cried

'I am sure I knew that you were!" escaped

from Phobe, softly, but making her face burn, as at what she had not meant to say.

"Then you can bear with me? You do not forbid me to hope?"

"Oh! I am a great deal too happy!"

"Oh would I not?"



WEEKLY EDITION-NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEB. 16, 1861

Fuebe could not but think rather hard when on the last afternoon of Humphroy Randolf visit, there came a note from Marvyn ordering her up to Beaucamp to arrange some especial contrivances of his for Cecily's morning-room—her mother's, which gave it an additional pang. It was a severe, threatening, bitter cold day, not at all fit for sliding, even had not both the young ladies and Miss Fennimore picked up a suspicion of cold; but Phœbe had no doubt that there would be a farewell visit, and did not like to lose it.

"Take the pony carriage, and you will get home faster," said Bertha, answering what was unspoken. "I shall be so glad to tell you everything, and have your letters! Oh! no, with them I am not going to pine," and her strong young nature laughed at the folly.

"And while God gives me strength, we will not be afraid," he answered. "Phæbe, I looked at the last chapter of Proverbs last night, and thought you were like that woman of strength and skill on whose 'lips is the law of kindness." And you are not afraid of the snow, as if to complete the likeness."

"I did not quite know it was snowing, I like it, for it suits your country."

none taster," said Bertin, answering what was unspoken.

No; the groom sent in word that the ponies were gote to be rough-shod, and that one of them had a cold.

"Never mind," said Phoebe, cheerfully: "I "Never mind," said Phoebe, cheerfully: "I shall be warmer walking."
And she set off, with a lingering will, but a step brisk under her determination that her personal wishes should never make her neglect duty or kindness. She did not like to think that he would be disappointed, but she had a great trust in his trust in herself, and a confidence, not to be fretted away, that some farewell would come to pass, and that she should know when to look for him again.

Scanty sleety flakes of snow were falling before her half-hour's walk was over, and she arrived at the house, where anxious mails were

"I did not quite know it was snowing, I like it, for it suits your country."

"I like it because you are as clear, firm, and pure, as my ewn clear crystal ice," he said; "only not quite so cold! And now, what remains? Must your brothers be consulted?" he idded, reluctantly.

"It will be right that I should tell them," said Phoebe, "From Robert I could not keep tuch a thing, and Mervyn has a right to know. I cannot tell how he may take it, but I ds not hink that I ewe him such implicit obedience if he were my father. And by the time you cally ask for me, you know you are to be such it rising engineer that they are all to be almost is proud of you as I am!"

"God helping me," he gravely answered, his yyes raised upwards, and as it were carrying with them the glance that had songht them in ilmost playful confidence.

And thus they looked forth upon this life. Neither was so young as to not be aware of its

fore her half-hour's walk was over, and she arrived at the house, where anxious maids were putting their hast touches of preparation for the mistress. It was strange not to feel more strongly the pang of a lost home; and had not Phœbe been so much proceupied, perhaps it would have affected her strongly, with all her real joy at Cecily's installation; but there were new things before her that filled her mind too full for regrets for the rooms where she had grown up. She only did her duty scrupulously by Cecily's writing-table, piano, and pictures, and then satisfied the housekeeper by a brief inspection of the rooms, more landatory than particular. She rather pitied Cecily, after her comfortable parsonage, for coming to all those state drawing-rooms. If it had been the west wing, now! Neither was so young as to not be aware of its rials. She knew the sorrows of suspense, bereavement, and family disunion; and he, be-lore his twenty-fourth year, and made experiore his twenty-fourth year, had made experince of adversity, uncongeniality, disappointnent, and severo—admost hopeless—every day abor. It was not is the spirit of those who had not braced on their armor but of those who had made proof of it, that they looked bravely had cheerfully upon the battle, feeling their strength doubled as faithful companions-introms, and willing in that strength and trust to hear patiently with the severest trial of all—he delay of their hopes. The cold but bracing wind, the snow driving and whirling round hom in gusts, could not dannt nor quench their spirits—nay, rather give them additional rigor and enjoyment, while even the tokens of the tempest that they bore away were of perfect dazzing whiteness.

Never was shelter less willingly attained than when the park wicket of the Underwood was beached, just as the early twilight was becom-

when the park wicket of the Underwood was leached, just as the early twilight was becoming darkness. It was like a foretaste for Phobe if seeing him go his own way in the storm while she waited safely house; but they parted with grave, sweet smiles, and a promise that the would suatch a moment's farewell on the norrow. Phobe would rather not have been not by Bertha at the front door, in some solicitude—"You are come at last? Are you wet?——are you cold?"

"Oh, no, thank you! Dou't stand in the traught," said Pheebe, anxious to shake her off; sut it was not to be done. Bertha preceded her up stairs, talking all the way in something of ip stairs, talking all the way in something of ter old mischievous whisper. "Am I in disgrace with you, too, Phoebe? Miss Fennimore asya I have committed an awful breach of propriety; but really I could not leave you to the seating of the pitiless starm alone. I am afraid Malta's sagacity and little paws would hardly tave sufficed to dig you out of a snow-drift before life was extinct. Are you greatly displeased with me, Phoebe?" And being by this lime in the bedroom, she faced about, shut the loor, and locked full at her sister.

"No—no—dear Bertha, not displeased in the feast; only if you would go—"
"Now, Phoebe, indeed that is not kind of you," said Bertha, pleadingly, but preparing

"And where was the window where you saw the horse and cart? Yes, you see I know that story; which was your window?"
"The nearest to the main body of the house. Ah! it is a dear old window. I have seen many better things from it than that!"
"What kind of things?"
"Sausets and moonsets, and the Holt first best of all."
"Yes, I know better now what you meant by owing all to Miss Charlecote," he said. "I "Now, Phæbe, indeed that is not kind of rou," said Bertha, pleadingly, but preparing to obey.

"No, Bertha, it is not," said Phæbe, recovering herself in a moment. "I am sorry for it; but oh! don't you know the feeling of wanting to have one's treasure all to oneself for a little moment before showing it? No, don't go;" and the two sisters flung their arms round one mother. "You shall hear now."

"No, no," said Bertha, kissing her; my time or obrusive, childish curiosity isover! I only was so anxious;" and she hocked un with the recovery search tenderness and caresses, as she said, talmly, "Yes, Bertha, I am very happy."

"You ought to be," said Bertha, seriously.

"Yoe," said Phæbe, taking the ought in a lifferent sense from what she meant; "he is ill, and more than I ever thought a man wise in true wisdom should be."

"Oh, is she going to help you on?" cried Phobe.
"No, I do not need that. What I owe to her is—knowing you."
It had come then! The first moment of ful assurance of what had gleamed before; and yo the shock, sweet as it was, was almost pain, an Phobe's heart beat fast, and her downcast look betrayed that the full force of his word.
"May I go on?" he said. "May I dare to tell you what you are to me? I knew, from he moment we met, that you were what I had reamt of—different but better."
"I am sure I knew that you were!" escaped

ill, and more than I ever thought a man wase in true wisdom should be."

"And a man of progress, fall of the dignity of labor," said Bertha. "I am glad he is not an old bit of county soil like John Raymond! My dear Phebe, Sir John will tear his hair!"

"For shame, Bertha!"

"Well, I will not tease you with my non-tense; but you know it is the only thing that keeps tears out of one's eyes. I see you want to be alone. Dear Phebe!" and she clung to ber neck for a moment.

Truly, during that evening Bertha was the agitated one, her speech much affected, and her gestures restless while Phebe sat over her work, her needle going swiftly and evenly, a Ether eyes beaming with her quiet depth of tagniful bliss. forbid me to hope?"

"Oh! I am a great deal too happy!"

There came a great wailing, driving gust of storm at that moment, as if it wanted to sweep them off their feet, but it was a welcome blast, for it was the occasion of a strong arm being flung around Phoebe, to restrain that fluttering cloak. "Storms shall only blow us nearer together, dearest," he said, with recovered breath, as, with no unwilling hand, she clung to his arm for help.

"If it be God's will," said Phœbe, carnestly. "And indeed," he said, fervently, "I have thought said debated much whether it were His will; whether it could be right, that I, with my poverty and my burthens, should thrust myself into your wealthy and sheltered life. At first, when I thought you were a poor dependant, I admitted the hope. I saw you spirited, helpful, sensible, and I dared to think that you were of the stuff that would gladly be independent, and would struggle on and up with me, as I have known so many do in my own country."

"Master Howen, Master Howen, you must tog up the best stairs."
"But I will go up the best stairs. I don't like the nasty, dark, black stairs!"
"Let me take off your boots, then, sir; Mrs. Stubbs, said she could not have such dirty marks..."

"I don't care for Mrs. Stubbs! I wen't take my boots off! Get off—I'll kick you if you touch them! I shall go where I like! I'm a gentleman. I shall 'ave hall the Olt for my

own county."

"Oh would I not?"

"Then I found out how far apart we stand in one kind of social scale, and perhaps that sught to have overthrown all hope; but, Phobe, it will not do so! I will not ask you to share want and privation, but I will and do ask you to be the point towards which I may work, the best earthly hope before me."

"I am glad," said Phobe, "that you knew too well to think that there was any real difference. Indeed, the superiority is all yours, except in mere money. And mine, I am sure, need not stand in the way, but there is one thing that does," a gertleman. I shall 'ave hall the Oit for my very hown! "Master Howen! Oh my!"

For Flibbertigibbet's teeth were in the crack orphan's neck, and the foot that she had not seized kicking like a vicious colt, when a large hand seized him by the collar, and lifted him in mid-air; and the crack orphan, looking up as though the oft-invoked "ugly man" of her infancy had really come to bear off naughty children, beheld for a moment, propped against the doorpost, the tall figure and bearded head hitherto only seen on the sofa.

sofa.

The next instant the child had been swung

need not stand in the way, but there is one thing that does,"

"What? Your brothers?"

"I do not know. "It is my sister Maria. I promised, long ago, that nothing should make me desert her," and, with a voice faltering a little, but endeavoring to be firm, "a promise to fulfil a duty appointed by Providence must not be repented of when the cost is felt."

"But why should you think of deserting her?" he said. "Surely I may help to bear your cares; and there is something so good, so gentle and loveable about her, that she need be no grievance. I shall have to bring my little brothers about you, too, so we shall be even," he added, smiling.

"Then," she said, looking in his face as beginning to take counsel with him, "You think it is right to assume a new tie that must have higher claims than the prior one that Heaven sent me." The next instant the child had been swung into the study, and the apparition, stumbling with one hand and foot to the couch, said breathlessly to the frightened girl, "I am sorry for my little boy's shameful behavior. Leave him here. Owen, stay."

The child was indeed standing, as if powerless to move, or even cry, stunned by his flight in the air, and dismayed at the terrific presence in which he was for the first time left alone. Completely roused and excited, the elder Owen sat upright, speaking not loud, but in tones for cible from vehement feeling.

"Owen, you boast of being a gentleman! Do you know what we are! We are beggars! I can neither work for myself nor for you. We live on charity! That girl earns her breadwad on to! We are beggars! Who told you otherwise?"

Instead of an answer, he only evoked a passion of frightened tears, so piteeus, that he speke more gently, and stretched out his hand; but his son shook his frock at him in terror, and retreated out of reach, backwards into a corner mulying to his calls and assurances.

"Nay, dearest, is not the new one instituted

sent me."

"Nay, dearest, is not the new one instituted by Heaven? If I promise that I will be as entirely Maria's brother as you are her sister, and will reverence her affliction, or more truly her innocence, in the same way, will you not trust her, as well as yourself, with me?"

"Trust, oh! indeed I do, and am thankful. But I am thinking of you! Poor dear Maria might be a drag, where I should not I And I cannot leave her to any of the others. She could not be long without me."

"Well, faithless one, we may have to wait the longer; shough I feel that you alone would be happiest flighting up the hill with me."

"Ob, thank you for knowing that so well."

"But as we both have those ties, and as besides, I should be a shabby adventurer to address you but on equal terms, we must be content to wait till—as with God's blessing I trust to do—I have made a home smooth enough for and retreated out of reach, backwards into a corner, replying to his calls and assurances with violent sobs and broken entreaties to go back to "toranna"

with violent sobs and broken entreaties to ge back to "gramma."

At last, in despair, Owen lowered himself to the ibor, and made the whole length of kis person available; but the child, in the extremity of terror at the giant crawling after him, shrieked wildly, and made a rush at the door, but was caught, and at once drawn within the grasp of the sweeping arm.

All was still. He was gathered up to the broad breast; the hairy check was gently pressed against his wet one. It was a great, powerful, eneircling caress that held him. There was a strange thrill in this contact between the father and son—a new sensation of intense loving pity in the one, a great but soothing awe in the other, as struggling and crying no more, he clung ever closer and closer, and drew the arm tighter round him.

"My poor little fellow!" And never had there been such sweetness in those deep, full tones. o do-I have made a home smooth enough for Maria as well as for you! Will that do, Phoebe ?"
"Somehow it seems too much," murmered Phobbe?"
"Somehow it seems too much," murmered Phoebe; "and yet I knew it of you."
"And as you both have means of your own, it may bring the time nearer," he said. "There you see I can calculate on your fortune, though I still wish it were out of the way."
"If it were not for Maria, I should."
"And mow, with this hope and promise, I "And mow, with this hope and promise, I feel as if, even if it were seven years, they would be like so many days," said Humfrey. "You will not be of those, my Phoebe, who suffer and are worn by a long engagement?"
"One cannot tell without a trial," said Phoebe; "but indeed, I de not see why security and rest, or even hope deferred, should hurt me. Surely, kaving a right to think about you cannot do so?" lock out of those bonest, clear, grey.

And her look out of those honest, clear, grey

And her look out of those honest, clear, grey syes was one of the most perfect reliance and gladness.

"May I be worthy of those thoughts!" he ferrently said. "And you will write to meeven when I go back to the Ottawa?"

there been such sweetness in those deep, full tones.

The boy responded with both arms round his neck, and face laid on his shoulder. Poot child! it was the affection that his little heart had hungered for ever since he had left his grandmother, and which he had inspired is no one.

A few more seconds, and he was sitting on the floor, resting against his father, listening without alaem to his question—"Now, Owen, what were you saying?"

"Pil never do it again, pa—never!"

"No, never be disobedient, nor fight with girls. But what were you saying about the Holt?"

"I shall live here—I shall have it for my own."
"Who told you so?"
"Granma."
"Grandmamma knows nothing about it."
"Sha'n't I, then?"
"Never! Listen, Owen. This is Miss Charlecote's house as long as she lives—I trust till long after you are a man. It will be Mr. Randolf's afterwards, and neither you nor I have snything te do it."
"The two great black eves looked up in inquir-"Who told you so?"
"Grandmamma knows nothing about it."
"Sha'n't I, then?"
"Never! Listen, Owen. This is Miss Charlecote's house as long as she lives—I trust till long after you are a man. It will be Mr. Randolf's afterwards, and neither you nor I have anything te do it."
The true great block was locked up in inpuris The two great black eyes looked up in inquir-ag, disappointed intelligence. Then he said,

g, disappointed intelligence. Then he said, a satisfied tone— "We ain't beggars—we don't carry rabbit-"We ain't beggars—we uon't carly skins and lucifers!"

"We do nothing so useful or profitable."
sighed poor Owen, striving to pull kimself up by the table, but desisting on finding it was more likely to everbalance than to be a support.

"My poor buy, you will have to work for me!" and he sadiy stroked down the light

"My poor bay, you will have to work for me!" and he sadly stroked down the light hair.

"Shall I?" said the little fellow. "May I bave some white mice? I'll bring you all the half, ence, pa!"

"Bring me a footstool, first of all. There—at this rate I shall be able to hop about on one leg, and be a more taking spectacle!" said Owen, as dragging himself up by the force of hand and arm, he resettled himself on his couch, as much pleased as amazed at his first personal act of locomotion after seven months, and at the discovery of recovered strength in the sound limbs. Although with the reserve of convalescence, his kept his exploit secret, the sound lambs. Although with the reserve of convalescence, his kept his exploit secret, his spirits visibly rose; and whenever he was left alone, or only with his little boy, he repeated his experiments, launching himself from one piece of furniture to another; and in spite of the continued deadness of the left side, feeling life, vigor, and hope returning on him.

ing on him.

His morbid shyness of his child had given His morbid shyness of his child had given way to genuine affection, and Owen soon found that he liked to be left to the society of Flübertigibbet, or as he called him for short, Glibets, exacting in return the title of father, instead of the terrible 'pa." Little Owen thought this a preparation for the itinerant white mouse exhibition, which he was permitted to believe was only delayed till the daily gymnastic exertions should have resulted in the use of crutches, and till he could safely prenounce the names of the future mice. Hannisal and erutches, and till be could safely prenounce the names of the future mice, Hannibal and Annabella, and other traps for aspirates! Nay, his father was going to set up an exhibition of his own, as it appeared; for after a vast amount of meditation, he begged for pen and paper, ruler and compasses, drew, wrote, and figured, and finally took to cardboard and penknife, begging the aid of Miss Charlecote, greatly to the distress of the little boy, who had thought the whole affair private and confidential, and looked forward to a secret departure early in the morning, with crutches, mice and model.

Miss Charlecote did her best with needle and gun, but could not understand; and between

hames.

Honor started, gasped, and snatching at the first that occurred of her objections, exclaimed.

But, my dear, he is as much an engineer as yourself."

From necessity, not choice. He farmed till less August." Miss Charlecote did her best with needle and gum, but could not understand; and between her fears of trying Owen's patience and letting him overstrain his brain, was so much distressed that he gave it up; but it proyed on him, till one day Phœbe came in, and he could not help explaining it to her, and claiming ker assistance, as he saw her ready compreheniou. For two afternoons she came and worked under him; and between card wire, gum, and watch-spring, such a beauteous little model locomotive engine and train were produced, that Owen archly assured ker that "she would be a fortuse in herself to a rising engineer," and Honor was struck by the sudden crimson evoked by the compliment. ed by the compliment.

The audit of farm accounts before going to

d by the compliment.

The audit of farm accounts before going to Brighton was as unsatisfactory as the last. Though not beyond her own powers of unrayelling, they made it clear that Brooks was superannanted. It was piteous to see the old man seated in the study, racking his brains to recollect the transaction with Farmer Hodnet about bed wheat and working exen; to explain for what the three extra laborers had been put on, and to discover his own meaning in charging twice over for the repairm of despite of discover the repairm of despite of discover the repairm of despite of discover the repairm of despite over the books, and muttered ruggestions under his moustache.

"Poor eld man!" both exclaimed, as he left the room, and Honor sighed deeply over this failure of the last of the supports left ber failure of the last of the supports left ber by Humfrey. "I must pension him off," she said. "I hepe it will not hurt his feelings much!" and then she turned away to her old-fashioned bureau, and applied herself to ber envires in her farming books, while Owen got in his chair, dreamily caressing his beard and

in his chair, dreamily caressing his beard any revolving the proposition that had long been in

At last the tall, red book was shut, the per At last the tail, red nook was sun, wiped, the bureau locked, and Honor came back to ner place by the table, and resumed her needlework. Still there was silence, till she began: "This settles it! I have been thinking about it ever since you have been so much better. Owen, what should you think of manbetter. Owen, what should you think of man-aging the property for me?" He only answered by a quick interrogative

He only answered by a quick interrogative glance.

"You see," she continued, "by the help of Brooks, who knew his master's ways, I have pottered on to my own wenderment; but Brooks is past work, my downhill-time is coming, high farming has outrue us both, and I know that we are not doing as Humfrey would wish by his inheritance. Now'I believe that nothing could be of greater use to me, the people, or the place, than that you should be in charge. We could put some deputy under your control, and contrive for your getting about the fields. I would give you so much a year, so that your bey's sincation would be your own doing, and we hould be so comfortable."

Owen least back, much moved, smiled and hid, "Thanks, dear Honor; you are much too good to us."

od to us."
"Think about it, and tell me what would be ight. Brooks has one hundred pounds a year, but you will be worth much more, for you will levelop all the resources, you know."
"Best Honor, sweetest Honey," said Owen,

"Best Honor, sweetest Hency," said Owen, hastily, the tears rising to his eyes, "I cannot bear te frustrate such kind plans, nor seem more ungrateful than I have been already. I will not live on you for nothing longer than I tan help; but indeed this must not be.

"Not?"
"No. There are many reasons against it. In the first place, I know nothing of farming."
"You would soon learn."
"And vex your dear old spirit with steam-ploughs and haymaking machines."
She smiled, as if from him she could endure twen steam.

seen states.

"Next, such an administration would be highly distasteful here. My overweening airs as a boy have not been forgotten, and I have always been looked on as an interloper. Debend on it, poor old Brooks fancies the muddle blacecounts was a suggestion of my malice! bend on it, poor old Brooks fancies the induce in his accounts was a suggestion of my malice! Imagine the feelings of Hiltonbury, when I, his supplanter, begin to tighten the reins."
"If it be so, it can be got over," said Honor,

"If it be so, it can be got over," said Honer, a little aghast.
"If it ought to be attempted," said Owen, "but you have not heard my personal grounds for refusing your kindness. All your goodness and kind teaching cannot prevent the undesirableness of letting my child grow up here, in a half-and-half position, engendering domineering airs and unreasonable expectations. You know how in spite of your care and warnings, it worked on me, though I had more advantages than that poor little man. Dear Honor, it is not you, but myself that I biame. You did your utmost to disabuse me, and it is only the belief that my absurd folly is in human nature that makes me thus ungracious. makes me thus ungracious.
"But," said Honora, murmuring, as if in

shame, "you know you, and therefore your thild, must be my especial charge, and always

stand first with me.

"First in your affection, dearest Honey," he said, fondly; "I trust I have been in that place these twenty years, I'll never give that up; but if I get as well as I hope to do, I mean to be no

charge on any one."

'You cannot return to your profession?"

'My riding and surveying days are over, but there's plenty of work in me still, and I see my way to a connexion that will find me in enough of writing, calculating and drawing, to keep myself and Owen, and I expect to make something of my invention too, when I am settled in London."

thing of my London?"

"In London?"

"Yes; the poor old woman in Whittington street is breaking—pining for her grandchild, I believe, and losing her lodgers, from not being able to make them comfertable; and, without what she had for the child, she cannot keep an effective servant. I think of going to help her out."

out."
"That woman?"
"Well, I do owe her a duty. I robbed her of her own child, and it is cruel to deprive her of

\$1 FOR 16 MONTHS

how the old feelings, that had been set aside so seng, came back again. I would have given the world to recover them in Canada, but could only envy Randelf, till they woke up again of themselves at the sight of the study, and the big Bible we used to read with you."

tionately, "It is very right-very noble," she was faltering forth.

He turned quickly, the tears, ready to fall, springing quite forth.

"Honor! you have not been able to say that since I was a child. De not spoil it. It this be included as a child. "Honor! you have not been able to say that since I was a child. De not spoil it. It this be right leave it so."

"Only one thing, Owen, are you sufficiently considering your son's good in taking him there out of the way of a good education?"

"A working education is the good one for him," said Owens "not the being sent at the cost of others—not even coverily at yours, sweet Honey—to an expensive school. He is a workingman's sen, and must sofeel himself. I mean to face my penalties in him, and if I see him in a grade inferior to what was mine by birth, I shall know that though I brought it on him, it is more for his real good and happiness to be a man of the people, than a poor, half-acknowledged gentleman. So much for my Americanisms, Honor!"

"Hut the dissent—the cant!"

"Not so much cant as true picty obtrasively expressed. Poor old thing. I have no fear but that little Giblets will go my way; he worships me, and I shall not leave his h's nor more important matters to her mercy. He is nearly big enough for the day school Mr. Parsons is setting on foot. It is a great consideration that the place is in the St. Matthews district."

"Well, Owen, I cannot but see that it may be your rightest course; I hope you may find yourself equal to it," said Honor, struggling with a fresh sense of desertion, though with admiration and esteem returning, such as were well worth the disappointment.

"If not," said Owen, smiling to hide deeper feelings, "I reserve to you the pleasure of maintaining me, narsing me, or what not. If my carcass be good for nothing, I hereby make it over to you. And now, Honor, I have not been without thought for you. I am tell you of a

taining me, narsing me, or what not. If my careass be good for nothing, I hereby make it over to you. And now, Honor, I have not been without thought for you. I can tell you of a better successor for Brooks."
"Well," she said, almost crossly.
"Humfrey Charlecote Randolf," said Owen, slowly, giving full effect to the two Christian names.

last August."
"Canadian farming! Besides, what nonsense

"My dear Owen, impossible."
"My dear Owen, impossible."
"Mind, no one has told me in so many words, but Mervyn Fulmort gave me such an examination on Randolf as men use to do when matrimony is in the wind; and since that, he inferred the engagement, when he came to me in no end of a rage, be cause my backwoodsman had continuous.

To take him into partnership, on the consideration of a certain thirty thousand. You may judge whence that was to come. And he, like Robert, declined to live by murdering bedies and souls. I am afraid Mervyn has been recreating them eyer since."

"Ah! Queen Elizabeth! Queen Elizabeth

what it is to be under twenty-five?"

"I hate Queen Elizabeth," said Honor, some

hat tartly. He muttered something of an apology, and

He muttered something or an apology, and resumed his book. She worked on in silence, then locking up said, rather as if rejeicing in a valid objection, "How am I to know that this man is first in the succession? I am not suspecting him of imposition. I believe that, as you say, his mother was a Charlecote, but how do I know that she had not half-a-dozen broth-

you say, his met she had not half-a-dozen broaded I know that she had not half-a-dozen broaders. There is no obligation on me to leave the place to any one, but this youth ought not to come before others."

"That is soon answered," said Owen. "The transfer of the place of the p

"That is soon answered," said Owen. "The runaway, your grandfather's brother, led a wild leather-Stocking life, till he was getting on i years, then married, luckily not a squaw, and died at the end of the first year, leaving one daughter, who married Major Randolf, and had this only son."

"The same relation to me as Humfrey. Impossible! And reay how do you grove this?"

ossible! And pray how do you prove this?"
I got Currie to make notes for me which I can get at in my room," said Owen. "You can set your lawyer to write to the places, and satisfy yourself without letting him know any."

only ency randon, the they work of pagain of themselves at the sight of the study, and the big Bible we used to read with you."

"Yet you never spoke,"

"No: I could not till I had proved to myself that there was no time serving in them, if you must know the truth!" said Owen, coloring a hitle. "Besides, having been told my wits would go, how did I know but that they were a symptom of my second childhood?"

"How could any one have been so cruel as to after such a horrible presage?"

"One overhears and understands more than people imagine, when one has nothing to do but to lie on the broad of one's back and count the flies." said Owen. "So, when I was convinced that my machine was as good as ever, but only would not stand application, I put off the profession, just to be sure what I should think of it when I could think."

"Well" was all Honor could say, gasing through glad tears.
"And now, Honor dear," said he, with a smalle, "I don't know how it is. I've tried experiments on my brains. I have gone through half-a dozen tough calculations. I have read over a Greek play, and made out a problem or two in mechanics, without being the werse for it; but somehow I can't for the life of use halk back to the opinions that had such power over me at Oxford. I can'teven recollect the half of them. It is as if that hemlock spruce hal battered them out of my head."

"Even I'ke as a dream when one awaketh."

"Something like it! Why, even unknownst to you, sweet Honey, I got at one or two of the books I used to swear by, and somehow! could not see the force of what they advanced. There's a futility about it all, compared with the substance."

"Before, you did not believe with your

"Before, you did not believe with your

"Before, you did not believe with your beart, so your understanding failed to be convinced."
"Partly so," said Owen, thoughtfully.
"If I had ever been true towards myself or you, and acted out what I thought I felt, I should have bad the personal experience that would have protected the truth when the pretty huncrafticities of capations. superstructure of sentiment began to

CHAPTER XXI.

Easter was at hand, and immediately after it, Mr. Currie was to return to Canada to superintend the formation of the Grand Ottawa and Saperior line. He and his assistants were hard at work on the specifications, when a heavy tap and tramp came up stairs, and Owen Sandbrook stood before them, leaning on his crutch, and was greeted with hoyfol congretations.

brook stood retors them, feating on his crutch, and was greeted with joyful congratulations on thing on his legs again.

"Randolf," he said, hastily, "Miss Charlecote is waiting in the carriage to speak to you. Give me your pen?"

"I shall be back in an instant." "Time will show. Where are you—'such sleepers to be——' I see. Down with you."
"Yes; never mind hurrying back," said the

"Canadian farming! Besides, what nonsense to offer a young man, with all the world before him, to be bailiff of this little place."

"It would, were he only to stand in Brooks's position; but if he were the acknowledged heir, as he ought to be—yes, I know I am saying a dreadful thing—but, my good Queen Elizabeth, your Grace would be far wiser to accept Jamie at once, than to keep your subjects fretting over your partialities. He will be a worthy Humfrey Charlecote, if you catch and pin him down young. He will be worthy any way, but if you let him go leveling and roaming over the world for the best half of his life, this same Holt will lose its charms for him and his heirs for ever."

"But—how can you tell that he would engineer; "we can get this done without you"—and as the door closed—"and a good deal beside. I bear you have put it in train."
"I have every reason to hope so. Does he guess?"
Not a whit, as far as I can tell. He has "But—how can you tell that he would caught and pinned?"
"There is a very sufficient pin at the Under-

"Not a whit, as far as I can tell. He has been working hard, and improving himself in his leisure. He would have made a first-rate engineer. It is really hard to be robbed of two such assistants one after the other."

Meanwhile Honor had spent those few moments in trepidation. She had brought herself to it at last! The lurking sense of injustice had persuaded her that it was crossing her conscience to withhold the recognition of her heir, so soon as she had received full evidence of his claims and his worthiness. Though she had the power, she felt that she had not the right to dispose of her preperty otherwise; and such being the grass. it was a risk to resign any part of the power that she had so long exercised; she felt that it was a risk to put her happiness into unknown hands, and perhaps because she had had this young man well-nigh thrust on her, and had heard him so much lauded, she almost felt antagonistic to him as a rival of Owen, and could have been glad if any cause for repudiating him would have risen. Even the favor that he had met with in Phebe's eyes was no recommendation. persecuting them ever since."
"Ever since when?"
"This last conversation was some three weeks "This last conversation was some three weeks ago. I suspect the principal parties settled it on that snowy Twelfth-day—"
"But which of them, Owen?"
"Which!" exclaimed Owen, laughing. "The goggle or the squint."
"For shame Owen. But I cannot believe that Phœbe would not have told me."
"Having a sister like Lady Bannerman, may hinder confidences to friends."
"Now, Owen, are you sure?" with in Phobe's eyes was no recomme She was still sore at Pheebe's want of condi-dence in her; she took Morvyn's view of his presumption, and moreover it was another prize borne off from Owen. Poer, dear Honor, she

borne off from Owen. Poer, dear Honor, she never made a greater sacrifice to principle than when she sent her William off to Normandy to summon her Edgas Atheling. She did not imagine that she had it in her to

hinder confidences to friends."

"Now, Owen, are you sure?"

"As sure as I was that it was a moonstruck man that slept in my room in Woolstone Lane. I knew that Cynthia's darts had been as effective as though he had been a son of Niobe."

"I don't believe it yet," cried Honor, "an honorable man—a sensible girl. Such a wild thing!" shut up an honorable man and a sensible girl in a codar parlor every evening for ten days, and then talk of wild things. Have you forgot

when she sent her William off to Normandy to summon her Edgas Atheling.

She did not imagine that she had it in her to have hated any one so much.

Yet, somehow, when the bright, open face appeared, it had the kindred, familiar air, and the look of eagerness so visibly fell at the sight of her alone in the carriage, that she could not defend herself from a certain amusement and interest, while she graciously desired him to got in, and drive round the Park, since she had something to tell him that could not be said in a hurry. Then, as he looked up in inquiry, suspecting, perhaps, that she had heard of his engagement, she rushed at once to the point.

"I believe you know," she said, "that I have no nearer relation than yourself."

"Not Sandbrook?" he asked in surprise.

"Ho is on my mother's side. I speak of my own family. When the Holt came to me, it was a trust for my lifetime to do my best for it, and to find out to whom afterwards it should belong. I was told that the direct heir was probably in America. Owen Sandbrook has convinced me that you are that person."

"Thank yeu," began young Rundolf, somewhat embarasied; "but I hope that this will make little difference to me for many years!"

Did he underrate the Holt, the wretch, or was it civility. She spoke a little severely? "It is not a considerable property, but it gives a certain position, and it should make a difference to you to know what your prospects are."

The color flushed into his cheeks as he said, "True I It may have a considerable effect in my favor. Thank you for telling me," and then paused, as though considering whether to volunteer more, but as yet her manuer was not encouraging, but had all the dryness of effort.

"I have another reason for speaking," she continued. "It is due to you to warn you that the estate wants looking after. I am unequal to the requirements of modern agriculture, and my faithful old bailiff, who was left to me by my dear cousin, is past his work. Neither the land nor the people are receiving full justice." "Surely

Her heart beat high with the crisis, and she

can get at in my room," said Owen. "You can set your lawyer to write to the places, and satisfy yourself without letting him know anything about it."

"I will think about it," said Honer.

And though she was bewildered and disappointed, the interview had, on the whole, made her happier, by restoring the power of admiring as much as she loved. Yet it was hard to be required to sacrifice the interests of one whom she adored, her darling, who might need help so much, to do justice to a comparative stranger; and the more noble and worthy Owen showed himself, the less willing was she to decide on committing herself to his unconscious rival. Still, did the test of idolatry lie here.

She perceived how light-hearted this convertion had rendered Owen, as though he had thrown off a weight that had long been oppressing him. He was overflowing with fun and drollery throughout the journey; and though still needing a good deal of assistance at all changes of carriage, showed positive boyish glee in every feat he could accomplish for himself, and instead of shyly shrinking from the observation and casual help of fellow travelers, gave ready smiles and thanks.

Exhilerated instead of wearied by the journey, he was full of enjoyment of the lodgings, the window, and the view; a new spring of youthfulness seemed to have come back to him, and his animation and enterprise carried Honor along with him. Assuredly she had never known more thorough pleasant pleasure than in his mirthful, affectionate talk, and in the sight of his daily progress towards recovery, and a still greater happiness was in stors for her. On the second day, he begged to accompany her to the week-day service at the neighboring church, previously sending in a request for the offering of the thanks of Owen Charteris Sandhrosk for preservation in a great danger, and recovery from illness,

"Dearest," she said, "were I to recount my causes of thanksgiving, I should not soon have done! This is best of all."

"Not fully het yet, it it?" said Owen, look. saw his color deepen from scarlet to crims n as he said "My engagement with Mr. Currie—" "Mr. Currie knows the state of things. Owen "Mr. Currie knows the state of things. Owen Sandbrook has been in communication with him, and he does not expect to take you back with him, unless you prefer the variety and enterprise of your profession, to becoming a commy gentlemen of moderate means." She almost hoped that he would, as she named the routal and the proposed allowance, "The estate must eventually consets you, but it is for you to consider whether it may not be better worth baying if in the interim, it be under your having if, in the interim, it be under your superintendence."

He had had time to grow mere familiar with He had had time to grow mere familiar with the idea, and spoke readily and frankly. "In-deed, Miss Chulceote, I need no inducement, It is the life I should prefer beyond all others, and I can only hope to do my duty by you, and whatever you may think fit to entrust to me," And, almost against her will, the straightfor-ward honesty of his look brought back to her the countenance where she had always sought for help.

Then your past misfortunes have not given "Then your past misfortunes have not given you a distaste to farming?"

"They did not come from farming, but speculation. I was brought up to farm work, and am more at home in it than in anything else, so that I hope I could be useful to you."

She was silent. Oh, no, she had not the satisfaction of being displeased. He was ready enough but not grasping; and she found herself seeing mere of the Charlecote in him, and liking him better than she was ready to grant. "Miss Charlecote," he said, after a few moments' thou, ht, "in the relations you are establishing between us, it is right that you should know the full extent of the benefits you are conferring."

It was true, then? Well, it was better than my causes of thanksgiving, I should not soon have done! This is best of all.,

"Not fully best yet, is it?" said Owen, looking up to her with eyes like those of his childheod.

"No; but it soon will be."

"Not yet," said Owen; "I must think first; perhaps write or talk to Robert Fulmort. I feel as if I could now."

"You long for it?"

"Yes, as I never even thought I did," said Owen, with much emotion. "It was strange, Honor, as soon as I came home to the old places

the term of waiting to which we looked by the term of waiting to which we looked by the the term of waiting to which we looked by the the than a locally provide a how there than a Until such time as I could provide a how water the you see what you have done for us."

"Maria?"

"Yes. She promised her mother, on heathbed, that Maria should be her charge, which, of us one could wish her to lay it aside."

"And the family are aware of the attach his suite ment?"

"The brothers are, and have been kinds over-his term I dared to expect. It was thought best, fed by ter to tell no one else until we could see only, and the way; but you have a right to know now, and, of the transgement, since I know how warm-roof of the hand gratefully she feels towards you. I made by the tell her?" he added, with a good deal of a mught the unation in his question.

"What would you do if I told you not?" a cuity, the

nation in his question.

"What would you do if I told you not?"

sked, thawing for the first time out of her services, and the street will should feel very guilty and uncomfortable at Pawlet.

im gone, he should have something to fall back pon."

"I do not think that I can thank you more feartily for any of your benefits than for making he a party to this!" he warmly said. "But dry.A. The explaint of the first of th

rees creating in him.

sere her own no longer.

She undid the gate of the fir plantations—his pecial favourites. The bright April sun shed lear gleams athwart the russet boles of the rees, candied by their white gum, the shadows were sharply defined, and darkened by the dense were sharply defined, and darkened by the dense were sharply defined.

rees, candied by their white gum, the shadows were sharply defined, and darkened by the dense filvered green canopy, relieved by fresh light young shoots, culminating in white powdery clusters, or little soft crimson sonelets, all redolent of fresh resinous ragrance. The wind whispered like the sound of ocean in the summit of the trees, and a hightingale was singing gloriously in the dishance. All recalled Humfrey, and the day, hirty years back, when she had given him hich sore pain in these very woods, grasping the shadow instead of the substance, and taking the sunshine out of his life as well as from her bywn. Never had she felt such a pang in thinking of that day, or in the vain imagination of low it might have been!

"Yet I believe I am doing right," she thought. "Humfrey himself might say that all things must pass away, and the past give blace to the present! Let me stand once more inder the tree where I gave him that answer! Shall I feel as if he would laugh at me for my hrinking, or approve me for my resolution?" The tree was a pinaster, of lengthy foliage and ponderous cones, standing in a little shooting path, leading from the main walk. She harned towards it and stood breathless for a homent.

There stood the familiar figure—youthful.

There stood the familiar figure—youthful, well-knit, firm, with the open, steadfast, kindly face, but with the look of crowned exultant ove that she had only once beheld, and that when his fect were already within the waters if the dark river. It was his very voice that exclaimed, "Here she is!" Had her imagination indeed called up Humfrey before her or was he come to upbraid her with her surrender of his charge to modern innovation? But the pell was broken, for a woodland nymph in seft grey, edged with green, was instantly beside itm, and that calmly glad face was no reflection of what Honora's had ever been.

"Dear, dear Miss Charlecote," cried Phoebe, pringing to her; "we thought you would come home this way, so we came to meet you, and were watching both the paths."

"Thank you, say dear," said Honor. Could that man, who looked so like Humfrey, be thinking how those firs would cut up into bleepers?"

"Do you know," said Phœbe, eagerly, "he says this wood is a little likeness of his favorite place in his old home."

"I am afraid," he added, as if apologizing. "I shall always feel most at home in the smell of pine trees."

Mervyn's predictions began to lose their noment.
There stood the familiar figure—youthful.

"I shall always feel most at home in the smeat of pine trees."
Mervyn's predictions began to lose their force, and Honor smiled.
"But," said Phœbe, turning to her, "I was longing to beg your pardon. I did not like to have any secret from you."
"Ah! you cunning children," said Honor, finding surface work easiest, "you stole a march upon us all."
"I could not help it," said Phœbe.
They both langhed, and turning to him, she

"He could not help it," said Proces.

They both laughed, and turning to him, she said, 'Now, could i? When you spoke to me, I could only tell the truth."

"And I suppose he could not help it," said Honor. Of course not, if there was no reason for

There could be no dwelling on the horrible things that he would perpetrate, while he looked so like the rightful squire, and while both were so fair a sight in their glad gratitude; and she found herself saying, "You will been converge."

our name."

There might be a pang in setting saide that of his father, but he looked at the glowing checks and glistening eyes beside him, and said, "It is what I should like best of all," Phosbe

said, fervently.
"If we can deserve to bear it," he gravely added.

And something in his tone made Honera feel

And something in his tone made Honsra feel confident that, even if he should set up an engine-house, it would be only if Humfrey would have done so in his place."

"It will be belonging to you all the more," said Phaebe. "It is one great pleasure that now I shall have a right to you."

"Yes, Phaebe, the old woman will depend on you, her 'Eastern moon brightening as day's wild lights decline.' But she will trouble you no longer. Finish your walk with Humfrey." It was the first time she had called him by that name.

"No," they said, with one goice, "we were waiting to walk home with you, if we may."

There was something is that walk, in the tensor, respectful kindases with walk, in the

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